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work, which certainly deserved commendation.

The special novelty of this performance appeared in the last movement of Mr. Jerome Hopkin's "Life" Symphony, which purported to depict "Old Age" in a very extensive tone picture of that period in man's life. We cannot say that Mr. Hopkins made clear in his varied and really skillful orchestration the experience of declining years, but he undoubtedly deserves credit for good handling of these means for effecting such, perhaps, unattainable purpose.

**HARTZ'S TEMPLE OF MYSTERY.**—When the public stumbles upon a good thing it is never chary of its patronage, and that is the reason why the Hartz's Temple of Mystery, commonly known as Dodworth's Hall, is crowded every night to witness the performances of the most remarkable illusionist of the age. M. Hartz does a hundred wonderful things in that graceful and facile manner which takes away all appearance of labor, and makes his execution of magical illusions appear as a natural endowment. The Floating Head continues to be one of the unexplainable wonders of his performance and nightly excites the intensest curiosity and interest. It is one of the cleverest ocular deceptions or illusions that was ever yet conceived by a magician. M. Hartz performs every evening and on Saturday afternoon.

**COMPLIMENTARY CONCERT TO MISS BEEBE.**—A grand Complimentary Concert will be given to a rising young vocalist, Miss Beebe at Steinway Hall on Thursday evening, the 10th inst. She will be assisted by the following eminent artists; Madame D'Angri, Signor Centeneri, Mr. W. F. Hill and by Thomas' popular orchestra. A warm interest is evinced in private circles for the success of this young lady, who is reported to possess both talent and education, and a large and fashionable audience, it is expected, will be in attendance. The appearance of Madame D'Angri should attract a full hall, for it is rarely that we hear so fine an artist in the concert-room.

**NEW ORGAN AT ST. LOUIS.**—We hear from Missouri's capital city, most favorable report of a new organ just put up in Trinity Episcopal Church there, which after being tried on exhibition by six of the best organists resident in St. Louis, satisfied them, the church authorities and all present, entirely as really excellent and highly creditable to its builder—Levi U. Stuart, of this city. Like his grand organ in Park Avenue Church, this organ is far more efficient and noble than its scheme promises by mere number of stops. It has twenty through stops, divided in this scheme: In Great Organ, Open Diapason, Gamba, Stop Diapason, Melodia, Principal, Harmonic Flute, Twelfth, Fifteenth, Sesquialtera—3 Ranks—Trumpet. In Swell Organ, Boudon, Open Diapason, Dulciana, Stop Diapason, Principal, Flute, Piccolo, Hautboy. In Pedal, Double Open Diapason, Violoncello,

**SUNDAY EVENING CONCERTS.**—The 19th Sunday Concert takes place at Steinway Hall, to-morrow evening, Jan. 6th, on which occasion the programme will be unusually attractive. The orchestral selections by Thomas' Orchestra will be of a very varied and popular character, and well-known artists will assist in the solo department. Messrs. Bateman & Harrison make every effort to render these Sunday Concerts worthy of the brilliant patronage which the public has bestowed upon them, and the popularity of the entertainment continues unabated.

#### MATTERS THEATRIC.

The performance that is to find "an abiding home in dramatic story," has taken place—the polyglot "Othello" has been performed, and the general verdict is not altogether favorable.

To ears not familiar with the Teutonic language, with its constant recurring guttural tones, "Othello," in its new dress, as presented by Mr. Dawson, has proved somewhat embarrassing for criticism or true enjoyment, added to this, the mixture of the two languages has proved more amusing than satisfactory, and "Othello" has raised many a laugh in addition to applause.

The character of the heroic and "noble Moor," as usually represented by English and American actors, with its conventional dignity of action, its almost stereotyped rendering of "points," and the attention to a certain rich and picturesque costume, now deemed inseparable to the part, are all at total variance with Mr. Dawson's conception, and are by him totally ignored, or so modified that the spectators unacquainted with the actor's language sits in partial bewilderment while witnessing this singular performance.

Mr. Dawson professes to be an exponent of the literally *natural* school of acting—he throws overboard the conventionalism and traditions of the stage, and gives us originality and naturalness of conception and execution, that which he doubtless believes to be truthful and impressive, and which is so considered by his countrymen. That this style does not impress foreigners so favorably is a fact beyond contradiction. His peculiarities, and in almost every case awkwardness of action, and his singularly literal and colloquial style, contrasted, as it is, with overwhelming bursts of passion, and an occasional high pitched declamatory method of delivery, strike the beholder as mannerisms, rather than that faithfulness to all that is truly natural, for which Mr. Dawson strives.

Do not imagine from all this that I would deny to the gentleman all just praise, far from it, he is undoubtedly a great and powerful actor, but still an actor with a "hobby," and this "hobby," if not abandoned will prove his ruin. Nature is one thing and exaggeration is another, and Mr. Dawson's acting leans very much towards the latter—his stilted "one, two, three" strut, his awkward action of hands and legs are all execrable, but through this there runs such a vein of strong, passionate, emotional acting that one is puzzled whether to praise or to condemn, and is prone to leave the task disheartened.

Taken then, as a whole, and setting aside ungracefulness of action, Mr. Dawson's "Othello" may be considered a qualified success; his conception is undoubtedly false, but still original, and as an originality demands attention; his rendering of the language is at times wonderfully powerful and dramatic, and at times again descends to mere declamation and "rant;" his portrayal of jealousy is simply superb; but notwithstanding these many fine and noteworthy points his performance is not an entirely satisfactory one—there is something wanting—and you leave the theatre with a vivid remembrance of many truly great things, but over all there is a certain indescribable feeling which keeps you from giving unbounded and unqualified praise to what you had expected to find a great and remarkable performance.

Mr. Dawson is admirably supported by Messrs. Booth and Gotthold and Mesdames Scheller and Vernon. Mr. Booth's Iago is a performance too well known and appreciated to need notice; it is a great piece of acting, and save a certain proneness to too great flippancy in the earlier parts is in every way admirable; the final entrance in the last act is something that, as an expression of pent-up and baffled rage and hate, has seldom, if ever, been surpassed.

Mr. Gotthold has caught the true spirit of Cassio, and is quiet, dignified and gentlemanly, and when, in the second act, he gets drunk, he gets drunk like a gentleman, and not in the ruffianly, brutal way in which the Cassios of the stage are apt to. Mr. Gotthold was to have played the part in English and German, but, at the request of Mr. Dawson, made use of the vernacular alone.

Mme. Scheller's Desdemona is the best performance she has yet given, while Miss Ida Vernon's Emilia is deserving of all praise.

The "Othello" sensation over, matters theatric will fall back into their state of pristine quietude once more, until they are startled by the revival of the "Merchant of Venice," which is to be produced at the Winter Garden with great attention to costume and scenic effect.

In the meantime a "little bird"—has whispered to me—that time-honored "little bird" who is always whispering to somebody—that we may have another specimen of the polyglot drama at the Winter Garden, in the shape of "Macbeth," in which Mme. Ristori and Booth will play the blood-thirsty and ambitious Scottish King and Queen.

SHUGGE.

#### ART MATTERS.

I am glad to learn that a memorial to Congress, petitioning for an increased tariff on imported pictures, is being circulated among the studios, and is receiving the signatures of all our artists. Notwithstanding the ridicule that the larger portion of the press are endeavoring to throw upon this scheme, it is undoubtedly a most admirable one; every tradesman and mechanic is protected by the tariff, and there is no just reason why the artists should not enjoy the same privilege. It has been argued that an increased tariff on imported pictures will tend greatly to lessen the love of art in this country; that these pictures excite a spirit of emulation in our native painters;

that without foreign pictures we should, having no real works of art to admire, go back to a state of semi-civilization. Now every one of these statements I, and I think all thoughtful and appreciative people will agree with me, deny in toto. An increased tariff will only exclude from the American market such foreign works as possess no merit but that of being foreign, and which cannot be sold in Europe but are sent here to gull that portion of the community who have but little or no knowledge of art, as art, but will pay an exorbitant price for the veriest daub, provided it is ornamented with the name of some foreign painter, of whose merits they neither care nor know anything—they have purchased a foreign picture—true, they probably are not able to pronounce his name—but there it is, a foreign picture—and your distinguished connoisseur (?) chuckles with pride and delight over his dearly purchased treasure. Really good pictures will always command a high price and no increase of tariff ever can, nor never should, exclude them from our market.

Again, foreign pictures do *not* excite a spirit of emulation among our artists; we are an eminently free thinking and independent people, and would rather work out our own theories than be guided by those of other nations; there are but few, if any, of our painters who do not paint after the true American school, a school eminently their own, and in which they are unsurpassed. Let us have some little feeling of nationality on this subject; every country of the Old World has its own school, and why should not we? Even abroad our landscapists bear the palm for truthfulness to nature, delicacy of finish and beauty of sentiment. Our figure painters are improving daily, while water color, with the fresh impetus which is given it by the new Water Color Society, will soon take an important stand. Here are all the elements of a new and original school—then let the press and the public work hand in hand to sweep from the country the foreign trash with which it is encumbered, and bring to light and notice the works of deserving native painters which are now crowded from the public galleries and auction rooms by these intruding and underserving strangers.

As to the statement that without foreign pictures we should have no real works of art among us, it is mere balderdash, a piece of mere newspaper clap-trap, written to conciliate foreign picture dealers and advertisers, and is, in every way, beneath notice.

This may all be very uninteresting to you, gentle reader, but it is a subject on which this tongue of mine would wag unceasingly and never tire. This enormous sale of foreign pictures in our very midst, if continued in, threatens to utterly ruin the prospects of native art, and while the critic should accord merit to deserving works of art, of whatever nationality they may be, it is still his bounden duty, having the ear of the public, to protect, and impress on the people the propriety of protecting native art and artists.

Martin, who has at last returned to town, has just finished an exquisite little picture of Keene Valley, Adirondacks, and is now at work on a picture of Boris Lake, one of the wildest of the wild waters of the great Northern wilderness.

Latarge is at work on a wreath of flowers, which is marked by great delicacy of finish and good, strong color.

Le Clear has just finished a portrait of ex-Surveyor of the Port, Geo. Dennison; a strong, characteristic head, brimful of breadth and power, well painted and displaying with great subtlety all the traits and characteristics of the man.

Shattuck is at work on a small Marine, which is full of soft, delicate color, and marked by that exquisite treatment for which the gentleman is so justly celebrated. A lonely, rock-bound coast, a lowering sky, and the angry waves dashing with fury against the rocky shore—these are materials from which Mr. Shattuck has made a most delightful picture.

Wm. Hart is at work on a large picture which he calls "Valley in Autumn;" a finely painted landscape, full of atmosphere and color; the sky and range of distant mountains are particularly excellent.

Gignoux has just finished a bright little picture called "Spring," which is deserving of great praise; the blossoms are on the trees and all the earth looks fresh and green, a shower is passing over the landscape, and whistles through the tree tops, but despite this we feel the approach of Summer in every inch of the canvas, and can but accord to Mr. Gignoux all praise for his admirable rendering of the brightest, happiest season of the year.

Eastman Johnson has just embodied on canvas one of the most touching and romantic incidents of the late war. Every one will remember the story of the little drummer boy, who, though sorely wounded, was carried on his comrades shoulder and cheered the soldiers with his lively rub-a-dub:—

"Upon his comrades shoulder,  
They lifted him so grand,  
With his dusty drum before him,  
And his drum-sticks in his hand!  
To the fiery front of battle,  
That nearer, nearer drew,—  
And ever more he beat and beat,  
His rat-tat-too.

This is the moment Mr. Johnson has taken. The little drummer-boy is mounted on the shoulder of a gallant "boy in blue," and with his drum sticks is carrying terror to the heart of the fleeting foe. The feeling of the battle is well conveyed—the hurrying, determined looks of the soldiers, the dying and dead, the distant landscape, scarred by "grim visaged war," are all admirable and go to make up a thoroughly fine picture.

Wust gave a private view of his picture at 82 Fifth Avenue, on Thursday evening of this week, and the collection is now open to the public. Among the pictures exhibited is the "Mountain Torrent in Norway," which was reviewed at length in these columns some few weeks since. A fine mate to this is a waterfall by moonlight, which received the gold medal at Brussels, and is a fine and strongly painted picture; the effect of moonlight is powerfully rendered, while the dash and foam of the falling water is wonderfully true to nature. There are works of great merit in the collection, but space forbids a more

lengthened notice, suffice it to say that the exhibition will well repay a visit.

Coleman has just finished a fine landscape which he calls "Tow Boats on the Hudson," full of rich color and great truthfulness. The "noble Hudson" is represented in its best aspect, a stormy sky is covering the tops of the Highlands, while here and there a gleam of sunlight shines out and is reflected on the surface of the stream, the tow boats are coming down, heavily burdened, and bring one back to the sunny Summer days, when, sick and tired of the heat and dust of the mushroom town, we seek repose and quiet in the green fields of the country. Many a time have we encountered these same tow boats, and listened to the songs and merry-makings of their inmates, and when we look on Mr. Coleman's picture the whole scene comes back to us, and again, in fancy, we travel the broad river, the swift, the fresh breezes of the Hudson Highlands.

J. D. Smilie has on his easel a bright, sunny little picture of an Autumn colored maple, which is very charming; in addition to this he and his brother, G. N. Smilie, have a collection of highly finished and delicate pencil sketches which it is a real treat to look at. These gentlemen have made a specialty in this particular branch, and succeed in producing a series of sketches, which for delicacy of finish and attention to detail, are not surpassed by any of the works of cotemporary artists.

Brevoort has several sketches and finished pictures from the neighborhood of Farmington, Ct., which are in every way delightful; there is a certain feeling of atmosphere and out-door in all Mr. Brevoort's work which render it very charming, added to this a great truthfulness to nature runs through it all, which brings the scene represented in vivid colors to the eye of the beholder.

One of the best of Mr. Brevoort's pictures is a bubbling little stream that runs through a smooth meadow, dotted here and there with elms, while in the distance we catch a picturesque mountain range showing over the tree tops in the middle distance. It is a windy day and the sky is dotted with banks of clouds, while through the air we feel the summer wind. The subject is a simple and homely one, such as we have all seen in our country rambles, but Mr. Brevoort has treated it with consummate skill and gives us, in every respect, a most delightful little picture.

Wengler has several very carefully painted pictures of the Housatonic, on which he has expended great labor, and which show an evident close and thoughtful study of nature, but are characterized by a feeling of crudeness which renders them not altogether pleasing; for all this, an artist who works with such finish as Mr. Wengler is deserving of great praise, and albeit the gentleman's conduct is not quite as *gentlemanly* as it might be towards a critic who visits him in all friendly feeling, your humble servant accords to him such credit as his works demand.

PALETTE.

Bavaria's freaky monarch decrees a prize fund to encourage manufacture of pieces to be performed as entr'actes in theatres not lyrical, so that all mere routine stuff may be abolished. These innovations are to be given by a stringed quartet.